

This p.m. Colonel Hedrick of the Corps staff came out with Colonel Ferguson to inspect the Regiment. I answered all questions, showed all he wanted to see and hope the Regiment received a good mark.

*August 2, 1918, Friday.* Today I have had one of the pleasantest trips I have had since I reached France. Lieutenant-Colonel Evans, Commander Royal Engineers of the 33rd British Division, asked me to go with him to visit the Army Dump, Corps Workshop and Corps Dumps. I was very glad of the opportunity to visit these places and to get some idea of how he handled his stores. Also I wanted to see what the British Engineer Department carried in an Army Dump, etc. He called for me about 9:30 (in an automobile) and we drove altogether about 30 miles. We went through Proven to Rousbrugge where we crossed the Yser river, which was frequently mentioned in the early days of the war. This river has been canalized so it is navigable to this city. A little further west we came to Vost Cappel, which is on the border of Belgium and France. There is not much difference between the people along the border. It seemed a little different to be back in *France* again. I have been in Belgium since July 10. Our first stop was at Bambecque or just southwest of the city at the Army Dump. See typewritten statement. There are a good many soldiers around Bambecque, but you had the feeling you were back of the actual fighting and shelling line. The cities are all similar with their narrow streets and very narrow sidewalks and houses opening directly on the sidewalk. In nearly all of these cities the church is the largest and most conspicuous building. They all have a square or center space of some size. From Bambecque we drove to West Cappel near which is the Corps Work shop. As I drove into this little village it seemed to me to be the quietest and most restful place I had seen in a long time. On our right were the grounds of the chateau, and as we followed the road just on the outside of the grounds it led us into the main street of the village. I still had the same feeling of peace and quietness. No sign of soldiers but ourselves. Leaving the main street we turned down the road on the other side of the chateau, and the scene quickly shifted, for there lined up alongside of the road were a long string of lorries. And they meant soldiers, and noise. The British had begun to use this particular road as a stand for lorries. From West Cappel we started for